

## HER FIRST PATIENT

American Girl Tells of Experience at the "Front."

Compelled to Hold Stretcher-Bearers to Work, Nurse Has Strenuous Time Getting Wounded Man to Surgeons.

An American girl who recently volunteered for service with a Red Cross ambulance in Belgium sends the following account of her first case:

"The commandant doctor with whom I was assigned to work had taken me far up toward the front, where a Belgian battery was stationed. While he attended to some trifling injuries, there came the sound of cannonading, and news that the Germans were attacking the very section where we were working.

"Suddenly, at what seemed the last minute of safety, two Belgian stretcher-bearers, without a stretcher, rushed up to me. They said there was a man badly wounded somewhere up the road. I found a stretcher and went off with them to look for him.

"We went on and on. It probably wasn't more than 500 yards, but it seemed like a very long way; it seemed impossible to find the house. Then some women came running and pointed out the place. The stretcher-bearers hurried off with their stretcher. I followed.

"The man, horribly hurt, with a wound like a red pit below his shoulder blades, was brought and laid on the stretcher. He lay there quietly on his side, in a posture of utter resignation to anguish.

"He was a Belgian peasant, slum-fily built; he had a broad, rather ugly face, narrowing suddenly as the fringe of his whiskers became a little straggling beard. But to me he was the most beautiful man I had ever seen. I loved him. He was my first wounded man!

"I tried—I still try—to persuade myself that if I hadn't bullied my two bearers and refused an attempt to get my stretcher away for some other patient, he would have been left behind in that little house. We got him out of the yard all right, and on the paved road. Then, to my horror, the bearers dumped him down on the paving stones. They said he was much too heavy. They couldn't possibly carry him unless they rested.

"I didn't think it was exactly the moment for resting, and told them so in several languages. The Germans were likely to come around the turn in the road at any time. You never know!

"But the bearers stood stolidly in the middle of the road and mopped their faces and puffed. The situation began to be as absurd and terrible as a nightmare. So I grabbed on one end of the stretcher and said I would carry it myself. I said I wasn't very strong, and perhaps couldn't do it, but anyhow, I would try.

"They picked it up at once then, and started off at a good swinging trot over the rough paving stones, jolting my poor patient horribly. I suggested that they walk on the smooth path at the side. They halted this suggestion as a most brilliant and original idea.

"As my patient was brought into the village where the battery was stationed the ambulance had got its wound and was ready to go. But he had to have his wound dressed. He lay there in the middle of the street and I had to watch while the surgeon stuffed his wound with antiseptic gauze. I had always supposed that the dressing of a wound was a cautious and delicate process. But it wasn't. There was a careless audacity about it. The surgeon worked rapidly, unmoved, as if he were stuffing an old crate with straw. And it was all over in a moment or two. There seemed something indecent in the haste with which my Belgian was disposed of.

"Then the surgeon remarked casually that my patient's wound didn't amount to much. It looks much worse than it really is," he said. I felt hurt, as if this beloved person had been some subtle disparagement of my "find."

And sometimes a man's silence speaks volumes for his ignorance.

## BUILT A MONUMENT

The Best Sort in the World.

"A monument built by and from Postum," is the way an Illinois man describes himself. He says:

"For years I was a coffee drinker until at last I became a terrible sufferer from dyspepsia, constipation, headaches and indigestion.

"The different kinds of medicine I tried did not cure me, and finally some one told me to leave off coffee and take up Postum. I was fortunate in having the Postum made strictly according to directions on the pkg., so that from the start I liked it.

"Gradually my condition changed. The old troubles disappeared and I began to feel well again. My appetite became good and I could digest food. Now I am restored to strength and health, can sleep sound all night and awake with a fresh and rested body.

"I am really a monument built by Postum, for I was a physical wreck, distressed in body and mind, and am now a strong, healthy man. I know exactly what made the change; it was leaving off coffee and using Postum."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Well-being," in pkg.

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 50c and 60c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

## BARYTES INDUSTRY SHOWS SUPERIORITY

MISSOURI PRODUCES 65 PER CENT OF UNITED STATES PRODUCT.

## MINES IN EIGHT COUNTIES

Two Refineries Take Care of Output, and Workers Are Paid from \$12 to \$18 Per Week—No Accidents.

Jefferson City. The bureau of labor statistics, through Commissioner John T. Fitzpatrick, makes the announcement that Missouri still holds first rank for annual production of barytes, a valuable metallic substance used as a paint pigment, and in the manufacture of white rubber goods, asbestos cement, artificial ivory, boiler compounds, peroxide of hydrogen, insecticides, fertilizers, and other commercial articles. Figures just completed show that the 1914 production of the crude variety was 33,317 tons, valued at \$112,231, this quantity being 64.63 per cent of the total production of the United States, the remainder, 35.37 per cent, or 18,030 tons coming from Alabama, California, Georgia, Kentucky, North Carolina, Tennessee, South Carolina and Virginia.

Two refineries, one at Mineral Point, Washington County, and the other in St. Louis, converted the 1914 barytes into commercial product worth \$450,000, the process of refining quadrupling its market worth.

In 1914, fifteen barytes mines were operated in Missouri, they being located in Washington, St. Francois, Jefferson, Monticau, Cole, Miller, Franklin and Morgan counties.

Wage earners were paid from \$10.50 to \$18 a week, the tollers consisting of sack dusters, sludge men, packers, screen men, bolters, ore men, mill men, truckers, dryers coal passers, bleachers and firemen. Salaried employees such as managers, superintendents, foremen, clerks, stenographers and bookkeepers, drew from \$60 to \$150 a month each. No serious accidents were reported during 1914 by the refineries.

## St. Charles County Books Audited.

The report of the state examiners upon the audit of the books of the officials and former officials of St. Charles County, covering a period of eight years, reveals discrepancies totaling \$10,597.52. Of this sum, there is due the state \$8,136.04, and to the county \$2,461.48. The report has been filed with Auditor Gordon.

The examiners find that John H. Dierker, sheriff, owes the state \$8,022.67, this representing the overplus of partition sales, the money for which has been in his hands for more than one year. This sum was turned over to Dierker, the report says, by former Sheriff W. J. Hines.

The report finds that former Treasurer H. H. Brunson owes the county \$1,192.75, this being due to errors in his accounts.

His successor, George P. Wuensch, the report holds, owes \$695 to the county on criminal costs.

The examiners found that A. F. Werremeyer, Jr., the estate of A. F. Werremeyer, Sr., and H. W. Kanstner, present collector, together owed the county about \$800, this being due to errors in tabulating commissions.

William F. Walter, former circuit clerk, the report holds, owes the county \$64.75, this arising from court fees.

The examiners stated that none of the officers audited had attempted to conceal anything, but that all transactions had appeared upon the books.

George H. Sanford, county clerk, the examiners found, owed the county \$116.13 in excess commissions.

They found other small discrepancies, the whole totaling \$10,597.

## Six Miles of Good Road.

Word comes from Mountain Grove that the recent good roads day was a huge success in that neighborhood.

As the result of one day's work by 150 business men and farmers six miles of the worst road of the county has been placed in the best of condition. Work was done last Wednesday, the men responding to the call of the Mountain Grove Commercial Club. At noon a basket luncheon was served by the women of Mountain Grove.

The Commercial Club is planning to organize all the towns between here and Springfield to work the whole road in one day. Good roads boosters here are also preparing to launch a campaign for good roads throughout this section by levying a small tax on each acre of land.

## Auditing Necessary.

The lesson taught by the audits now proceeding that the state and the various counties would save thousands of dollars annually by the adoption of a uniform system of bookkeeping and accounting by the counties.

## Trufty Has Whiskey.

A negro convict trufty, with seven pints of whiskey in his pockets was arrested by Tom Clark, a railroad special officer, just as the convict stepped out of a saloon.

Convicts Working for State.

A resume of the convicts at present employed by the state: In general work about the prison, 1,365; working in shop No. 5, 58; sick and in hospital, 3; disabled, 20; undergoing punishment, 9.

Zinc Commissioner Qualifies.

Frank W. McAllister of Paris has qualified as special commissioner for the supreme court to take evidence against the companies, firms and corporations alleged to be in combination to control the price of zinc ore.

## Ask for Space at State Fair.

The Gardner land bank state committee, through Col. Fred D. Gardner, the author of the measure, which creates the Missouri state land bank on and after December 1, 1916, has requested E. T. Major, secretary of the Missouri state fair, to allot during the annual exhibition in October, 1915 and 1916, in a conspicuous and much frequented place, enough space to this organization on which to erect a tent to be used for the extensive educational campaign which will familiarize the people of the state with this proposition.

Space large enough to hold a tent which will accommodate 600 people, needed aisles and enough room in the front for a platform to take care of all the speakers, guests of honor, a piano, musicians and a moving picture screen. The educational campaign of this proposition will extend from one end of the state to the other, and will open in September of this year.

It is estimated that in Missouri, considering all political parties and others eligible to vote, there are approximately 900,000 electors, the majority of whom must be reached and familiarized with this proposed amendment to the constitution. That it will carry there is no doubt for the measure is non-partisan and has the endorsement of all parties, as it will benefit all citizens of the state alike.

The original outlay in money for the establishment of this institution will be entirely nominal, and what is appropriated will eventually be returned to the state.

The fact that Missouri is the first state in the union to take any such step for the relief of the great mass of farmers who have always been at the mercy of the moneyed interests, will do more to give the commonwealth favorable publicity than anything that has ever been done by any of our widely advertised philanthropists. The movement has been heralded near and far for the past six months, and the letters at hand show the wide-spread interest that is felt in this first effort to assist the bone and sinew of the nation.

## McClung and Buffum Fall Out.

A row has developed between Warden D. C. McClung of the State Penitentiary and State Highway Commissioner Buffum, both appointees of Gov. Major, and relations between them virtually have been severed.

A few days ago Buffum went to the penitentiary on business and was reprimanded by Warden McClung for speaking to three convicts in the prison yards. McClung told Buffum to go to the warden's office and talk to the convicts if he had anything to say to them.

Buffum admitted that he was rebuked by McClung and that he immediately left the prison.

The differences between McClung and Buffum are said to have arisen over the question of employing convicts upon the public roads.

Buffum was the moving spirit in the Osage county venture with convict labor, and he is stirring up sentiment for convict road work in other sections of the state, he says.

McClung is said to be opposed to the use of convicts on the public roads.

## Seeks Big Navy.

Maj. J. J. Dickson, who served in Cuba in a Missouri regiment during the Spanish-American war, called on United States Senator Stone and talked with him about the necessity of the United States providing a greater navy.

Senator Stone said in part: "You are correct in saying that throughout my public service I have been a consistent and earnest advocate of both a great merchant marine and a strong naval establishment.

While I would not run a race with war-mad nations in ship building, I would keep near enough abreast of world movements in this direction to provide a naval force of our own fully adequate to protect our national interests against lawless aggressions. I despise war and love peace; but, in my opinion, we have not reached that point in altruistic civilization when a nation unprotected or without adequate safeguards can go to sleep without fear of apprehension.

"National safety demands a sufficient preparation to protect all times our national rights and honor."

## Southeast Missouri Rich.

Southeast Missouri is fairly rolling in plenty this year, according to reports. The new wheat crop, or the bulk of it, has been marketed and has brought a volume of money far beyond the expectations of even the most optimistic. There is prospect for a record-breaking crop of corn also, with all other crops in proportion.

## Staples Out for Office.

Last week saw the entrance of another candidate for the Democratic nomination for lieutenant governor. Henry F. Staples, editor of The Rockport (Atchison County) Mail, is the candidate.

## Two More for Governor.

Two probable new entrants for the Republican nomination for governor are former State Superintendent of Schools Wm. P. Evans and A. A. Speer of Osage County, member of the Capitol Building Commission.

## Papers Are to Help.

All the daily and weekly newspapers of the state are to be asked to assist the Gardner land bank state committee in raising funds for the educational campaign in prospect favoring the passage of the amendment.

## Hadley for Senate.

Henry Andrus, former warden of the penitentiary, has just returned from Denver and says H. S. Hadley told him he would make the race for United States senator. Hadley is feeling fine.

## THOUGHT SHE COULD NOT LIVE

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Unionville, Mo.—"I suffered from a female trouble and I got so weak that I could hardly walk across the floor without holding on to something. I had nervous spells and my fingers would cramp and my face would draw, and I could not speak, nor sleep to do any good, had no appetite, and everyone thought I would not live.

Some one advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I had taken so much medicine and my doctor said he could do me no good so I told my husband he might get me a bottle and I would try it. By the time I had taken it I felt better. I continued its use, and now I am well and strong.

"I have always recommended your medicine ever since I was so wonderfully benefited by it and I hope this letter will be the means of saving some other poor woman from suffering."

Mrs. MARTHA SEAVEY, Box 1144, Unionville, Missouri.

The makers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have thousands of such letters as that above—they tell the truth, else they could not have been obtained for love or money. This medicine is no stranger—it has stood the test for years.

If there are any complications you do not understand write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

## IDEAL WOMEN OF THE PAST

Live in History as the Inspiration of Men Who Led the World in Art and Learning.

"All inspiration comes from woman." In these words Castiglione sums up medieval ideas and theories on the subject. Hers it is to inspire man with hope and courage on the battlefield and in the council chamber, in the pursuit of art and learning, in the higher paths of virtue and religion, to point the way upward and lift hearts from earth to heaven.

So it was that the boy Raphael grew up in the enchanted air of Urbino under the fostering care of the good duchess; so Isabella d'Este heard young Ariosto recite the first cantos of his great poem, or gave Mantegna and Costa themes for their pictures in the studio of the grim old castello that looks down on the Mantuan lakes and the windings of "smooth-sliding Minicius."

So Veronica Gamba smiled on the early efforts of the painter Correggio, and Vittoria Colonna soothed the loneliness of Michelangelo's weary old age.

By their delicate culture and refined taste these noble women brought art into close touch with life.

By their gracious and kindly sympathy they cheered the artist souls that were struggling toward the light, and helped to produce immortal works. Will posterity say as much for the women of our own age?—Exchange.

## CARE FOR CHILDREN'S

Hair and Skin With Cuticura. Nothing Easier. Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify the skin and scalp. The Ointment to soothe and heal rashes, itchings, redness, roughness, dandruff, etc. Nothing better than these fragrant super-cleansing emollients for preserving and purifying the skin, scalp and hair.

Sample each free by mail with Box. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XX, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

## Divided Ownership.

A gentleman while taking a morning walk down a country lane met a boy driving some pigs to market.

"Who do these fine pigs belong to?" asked the gentleman.

"Well," said the boy, "they belong to that their big sow."

"No, my boy," said the old gentleman; "I mean who is the master of them?"

"Well," replied the boy, "that their little un; 'es a beggar fer fighting."

## The Ages of Man.

Smuggs—Say, Juggs, who are those three gentlemen standing at the conservatory entrance?

Juggs—Why, they represent three generations. The ruddy old man with the fine head of hair, Buggs—the thin-haired one next to him is his son, and the dissipated fellow with the bald head is the grandson.—National Monthly.

## To Drive Out Malaria

And Build Up The System. Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 50 cents. Adv.

Ans: This Is No Joke, Either.

"Mistah Tambo, can you tell mah when's a joke not a joke?"

"No, Mistah Bones, Ah can't. When is a joke not a joke?"

"Usually, Mistah Tambo."

## The Right Time.

"How did Bill manage to coax his father to get him a motorcycle?"

"I suppose he asked for it at the cyclo-logical moment."

## IN THE ENGINE ROOM

Place of Stress When Battleship Is in Action.

Fighting Strain Becomes of an Intensity Hard to Imagine—Deadly Torpedo the Weapon That Is Most Feared.

Let us, as a matter of interest, imagine that we are in the engine room of a modern dreadnaught in action. On each side of us, unobtrusively stowed away in their mahogany, brass-bound cases, are the great turbines. Their humming—though we cannot see them—fills the vast space with the sound as of a million bees lost loose. Near each one hovers a grimy stoker, oil can in hand, and his duty it is to see that these monster humming tops do not lack for lubrication.

Right in front, on the foremost bulkhead of the engine room, are the telegraph dials and the telephones, each of which is in connection with the bridge, and under the direct control of the captain. These are the things which tell us how the fight is going, for the keen engineer can read signs and portents in the changes which are rung upon the telegraph dials.

A tremendous thing is the fighting strain. It is had even up in the great turrets where men play their parts in the grim drama, and hurt death and destruction at the foe, but wait here, where one does nothing but walk for orders, it is terrible.

The only man who does not seem to feel the strain is the one who has apparently the least to do, and that is the engineer. He, however, is busily doing mental arithmetic. He knows how many revolutions his screws are doing per minute, and he realizes that as yet she has still a little bit of speed up her sleeve.

By and by that last half knot may be asked for, and he is calculating how much speed he will be able to present the captain with when that final effort is asked for. No one knows but he, and he won't tell.

There seems to be a kind of waiting expression on most of the faces, and if they could tell you what they were all waiting for it would surprise you. Shut up they are in a small steel boxful of machinery, they are not thinking of the chance of an enemy's projectile coming through and killing them, nor are they waiting for death to come to them in some other manner. What they are dreading is that something should go wrong with their beloved engines—something that would prevent their "doing their bit" in this fight.

They are listening—ever listening—for the hiss of escaping steam which will tell them of a main steam pipe hit and carried away; for the shot that might smash one of the boilers into small pieces; for the rattle of the steering engine as the rudder is blown away, and the ship hangs, without a guide, in the balance.

And then, with a sickening sidelong twist and a rattle of the steering engine, the floor of the engine room takes on a creaking slant. The ship has made a sudden and acute turn.

The engineer's face turns from cheery optimistic red to a fear-stricken pallor.

"My God!" he mutters. "Submarines!"

Every man in that engine room and every stoker in the stokeholds knows what that sudden and horrible twist means. It means that the ship has commenced a quadrille with death; that underwater craft are seeking to end her life and the fight at the same time.

The strained look has gone now. Everyone is eager and anxious to do but one thing, and that is to obey the orders which come down from the bridge as fast as they possibly can be obeyed. The bridge is having an anxious time, but the men in the depths trust it and reckon it is up to dealing with the biggest flotilla of submarines that the enemy owns, any day.

Then, while the ship is running all she knows, the unexpected happens. With a louder and more sudden roar than ever the steering engine rattles over to hard a port. At precisely the same second the telegraph rings "Full astern, starboard engine. Full ahead port." The ship takes a horrible heel as the rudders—two of them—grip her; the port screw slows down perceptibly as it feels the mighty column of water deflected from the rudder, and the starboard one hums along smoothly as it feels the reversed turbine's thrust.

And even as they spin round the men can hear the guns putting in good work and blazing away for all they are worth. Ten minutes later the enemy's fleet—or what is left of them—are steaming for harbor again as fast as they can go.

Imagine yourself shut up in a chattering, humming steel box, with the odds on being killed, either by shell, or torpedo explosion, or drowning, or scalding to death, and with Death himself throwing all sorts of missiles at you which you can't even see coming, and you will have a very good idea of what being in a battleship's engine room is like in a real pitched battle.

His Aim.

"What are you doing down there at the clock in the hall at this time of morning?"

"Arbitration, m'dear! tryin' to stop a disastrous strike."

## The Gilded Hearth.

Ethel—Have you seen father, Harold?

Harold—Why, yes, I ran across him at breakfast only the other day—Judge.

Guineas were last issued in England in 1813.

## Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

## GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

## NOT MODERN KIND OF BEAU

Girl of Today Is Looking for Something Different From This All-Too-Bashful "Chump."

The dear girls were comparing notes on subjects of more or less importance.

"Your beau seems rather bashful," said Stella.

"Bashful!" echoed Mabel. "Why, bashful is no name for it."

"Why don't you encourage him?" queried her friend.

"I have tried," answered Mabel, "but the attempt was a measurely failure. Only last night I sat all alone on the sofa, and he perched up in a chair as far away as he could get. I asked him if he didn't think it strange that the length of a man's arm was the same as the distance around a woman's waist, and what do you think he did?"

"Just what any sensible man would have done—tried it, I suppose."

"Not any, thank you. He asked if I could find a piece of string, so we could measure and see if it was a fact. Isn't he the limit?"

Turners Make Good Soldiers.

More than 15,000 German turners have been decorated with the Iron Cross since the world war was declared," writes Dr. Hugo Ruehl, secretary of the Deutsche Turnerschaft, in a letter to George Brosius, veteran Milwaukee turnmaster.

In commenting upon the ability of turners as soldiers, Professor Brosius says:

"The exceptional training that turners are given in Germany makes them most efficient as soldiers. There are more than 800,000 serving the kaiser. In their gymnastic training, long marches have always played an important part."

## A Cook's Tour.

"I saw your touring car speeding toward the station this morning. Who was the young lady in it?"

"That was our cook."

"What! And you sent her to the station in your big machine?"

"Surest thing you know. We didn't want to take any chances on her missing the eight o'clock train to town. So long, old man. I've got to go and see a doctor about my indigestion."